THE PROLOGUE
To the last new Play
A Duke and no Duke.

Spoken by Mr. *Jevon.*

Gallants,

WHo Would have thought to have seen so many here,
At such a Rambling season of the Year;
And what's more strange? all Well and Sound to the Eye,
Pray Gentlemen forgive me if I Lye.
I thought this Season to have turn'd *Physician,*
But now I see small hopes in that condition:
Yet how if I should hire a Black Flower'd *Jump,*
And plye at *Islington,* Doctor to *Sadlers Pump.*
But first let me Consult old *Erra Pater,*
And see what he advises in the Matter.
Let's see————
Venus and *Mars,* I find in *Aries* are,
In the Ninth *House.* a Damn'd dry Bobbing Year.
The price of *Mutton,* will run high 'tis thought,
And Vizard *Masks* will fall to ten a Groat.
The *Moon's* in *Scorpio's House* or *Capricorns.*
Friends of the City govern well your *Hornes:*
Your Wives will have a mighty Trade this Quarter,
I find they'll never leave their Natural *Charter.*
For once take my Advice as a true Friend,
When they a Walk to the new *Wells* pretend,
If youl avoid your Sail, quick hasten after,
They use more wayes to Cool, than Drinking *Water.*

THE EPILOGUE,

Spoken by Mr. *Haines.*

TRapolin, suppos'd a *Duke,* in this place shows
Strange matters may depend on meer suppose.
One may suppose *Masks* chast lov'd Nonsense Witty,
No Flattery at *Court,* nor *Whig* i'th' *City*
I am by one i'th' World supposed Pretty.
Fantasie digested unto Storms suppose,
Whereas you see no *Lillies* grow nor *Roses,*
So *Masks* for Beauty pass that want their *Noses.*
The Reverend *Cityzen,* Sixty and above,
That by poor inch of *Candle* buys his Love,

Suppose

Suppoſes that his Son and Heir he Got,
But Wife could tell that ſhe ſuppoſes not.
The Trees by *Roſamonds* Pond, her Sins have known,
And tell-Tale Leaves, ſtill ſtick upon the Gown:
Whil'ſt the dull Sot, whilſt he's a *Cuckold* made,
Suppoſes ſhe's at *Church* Praying for Trade.
The Country Squire newly come to Town,
By Parents doom'd to a Lawyers daggl'd Gown.
ſuppoſes ſome Bright *Angel* he has gotten
In our Lewd Gallary, till proving Rotten:
His Study ſoon he leaves for Sweating Tubs,
And *Cook* and *Littlton*, for Doctor *Hobs*.
Nor had Dull *Cit* ſent Spouſe to Drink the *Waters*,
So found her helping to us Sons and Daughters.
Had he ſuppos'd when e're her Belly Swells,
There muſt be ſomething in't beſides the *Wells*.
Ther's no Man there had Married I'me afraid,
Had he not firſt ſuppos'd his Wife a Maid:
For 'tis Opinion muſt our Peace ſecure,
For no Experiment can do't I'me ſure.
In Paths of Love no Foot-ſteps e're were Trac'd,
All we can do is to ſuppoſe her Chaſt;
For Women are of that deep ſubtile kind,
The more we dive to Know, the leſs we find.
Ah Ladies! what ſtrange Fate ſtill Rules us Men?
For whil'ſt we Wiſely would eſcape the *Gin*,
A kind ſuppoſe ſtill draws the *Wedlock* in:
In all Affairs 'tis ſo, the Lawyers Baul,
And with damn'd Noiſe and Nonſenſe fill the *Hall*.
Suppoſing after Seven Years being a Drudge,
'Twill be his Fortune to be made a Judge.
The Parſon too that Prays againſt ill Weathers
That thumps the Cuſhion till he leaves no *Feathers*.
wou'd let his Flock I fear grow very Lean,
Without ſuppoſe at leaſt of being a *Dean*.
All things are helpt out by ſuppoſe, but Wit
That we cannot now ſuppoſe to get.
Unleſs a kind ſuppoſe your Minds poſſeſs,
For on that Charm depends our Play's Succeſs.
Then tho you like it not, Sirs don't Diſcloſe it,
But if you think it Bad, pray Good ſuppoſe it.

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